

The Bawd's Book



THE BAWD'S BOOK



Being a Collection of Crass and Curious

LIMERICKS

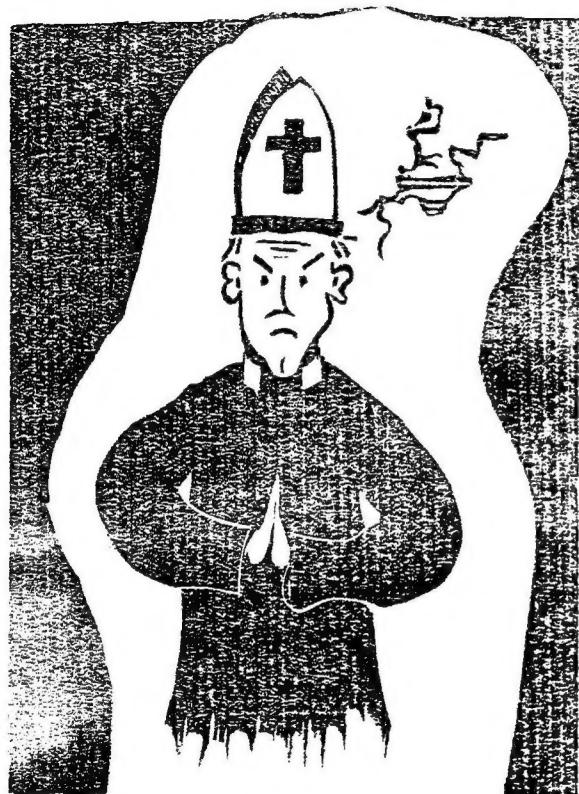
AND

LINOLEUM CUTS

The Former Borrowed, the Latter Original.

PRINTED IN SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA
SUMMER, 1965

There was an æsthetic young Miss,
Who thought it the apex of bliss
 To jazz herself silly
 With the bud of a lilly,
Then go out to the garden and piss.



"Balls"

Said the venerable Dean of St. Paul's:
"Concerning them cracks in the walls
You suppose it would do,
If we filled them with glue?"
The Bishop of Lincoln said: "Balls".

THE LIFE OF KING WILLIAM

The First SIRNAMED CONQUEROR

ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY the sixth in descent from Rollo, riding through Falais, a towne in Normandie, espied certaine yong persons dawncing neere the way. And as he stayed to view a while the maner of their disport, he fixed his eye especially vpon a certaine damosell named Arlotte; of meane birth, a Skinner's daughter, who there dawnced among the rest. The frame and comely carriage of her body, the natvrall beavtie and graces of her covntenance, the simplicitie of her rvrall both behaviovr and attire pleased him so well, that the same night he procvred her to be brought to his lodging; where he begate of her a sonne, who afterwards was named William.

J will not defile my wrting with memory of some lascivios behaviovr which she is reported to have vsed, at svch time as the Dvke approached to embrace her And dovtfull it is, whether vpon some speciall note of immodestie in herself, or whether vpon hate towards her sonne, the English afterwards adding an aspiration to her name (according to the natvrall maner of their pronovncing) termed every vnchaste woman Harlot.



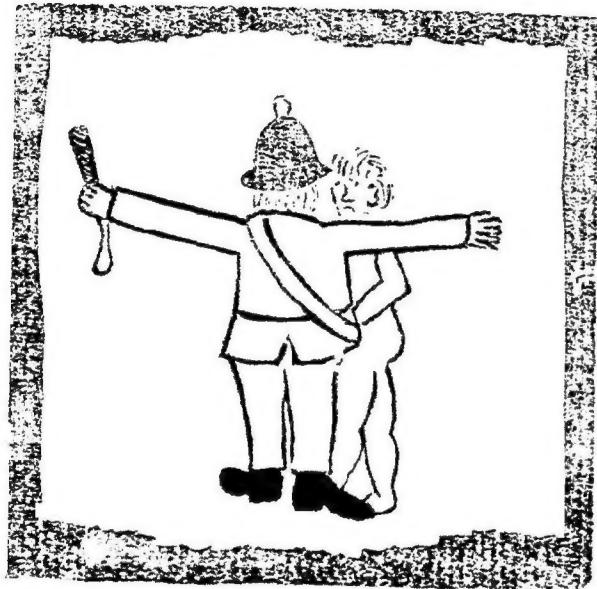
The preceeding is an excerpt from
*THE LIVES OF THE III NORMANS,
KINGS OF ENGLAND:*

*WILLIAM the first
WILLIAM the second
HENRIE the first*

by Sir John Hayward, at London, 1613

*I dined with the Duchess of Lee,
Who asked: "Do you fart when you pee?"
I said: "Not a bit!
Do you belch when you shit?"
And felt it was one up to me.*

*There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who thought that to fuck was a sin:
But when she was tight,
She thought it all right,
So everyone plied her with gin.*



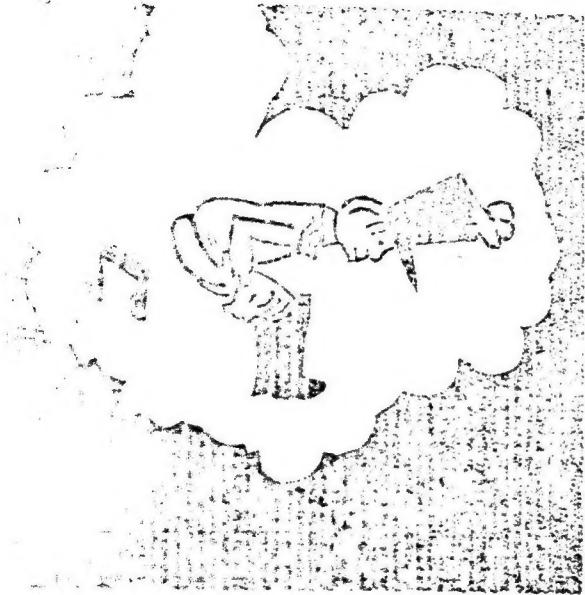
*There was a young man of Bengal,
Who cared neither for God nor His Saviour.
He walked down the Strand
With his back in his hand,
And was bad up for indecent behaviour.*

"PAGAN LOVE SONG"

There was a young pagan called Cary,
Who got fucking the Virgin Mary.
And Christ was so bored
At seeing Ma whored,
That He set Himself up as a fairy.

"THAT OLD TIME RELICKIN'"

There was a young man of Loch Lomond,
Who went for a walk about seven.
He fell into a pit
That was brimful of shit.
And now the poor buggar's in Heaven.

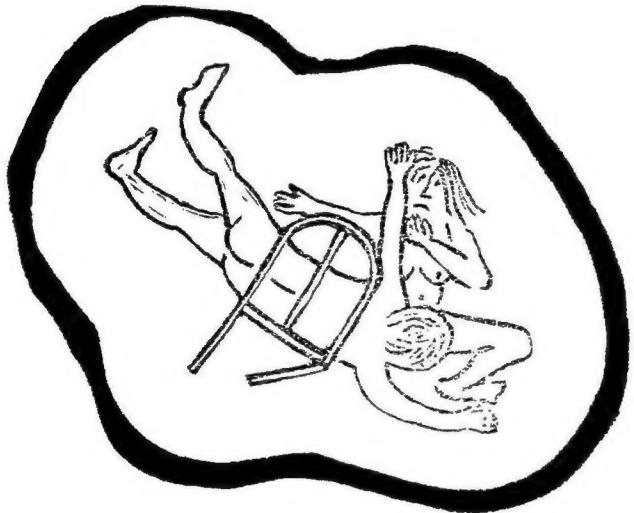


A PATRIOTIC AIR

There was a young Royal Marine
Who tried to fart "God Save The Queen".
When he reached the soprano,
Out came all the guns,
And his breeches weren't fit to be seen.

Word has come down from the Dean,
That by use of a teaching machine,
Oedipus Rex
Could have learned about sex
Without having to bother the Queen.

*There was a young girl of Penzance,
Who boarded a bus in a trance.
The passengers fucked her,
Likewise the conductor;
The driver shot off in his pants.*



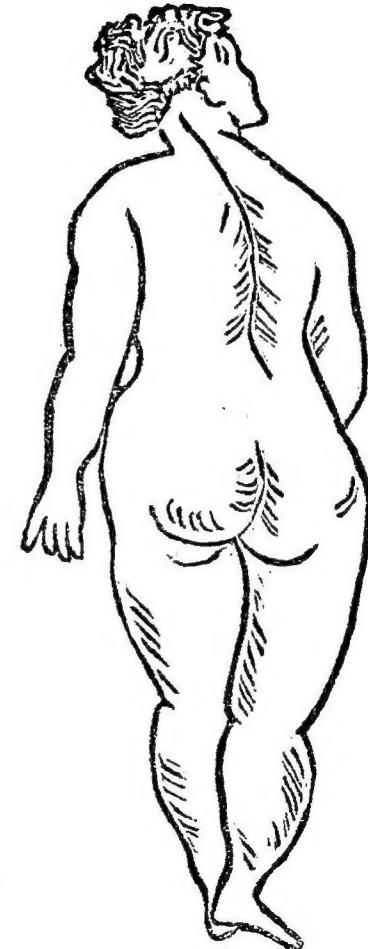
*There was a young man of Kildare,
Who was having a girl in a chair.
On the sixty-third stroke
The furniture broke,
And his rifle went off in the air.*

There was a young monk of Siberia,
Who of frigging grew weary and wearier.
At last with a yell,
He broke out of his cell,
And bugged the Father Superior.

The girls who frequent picture palaces
Set no store by psychoanalysis.
And though Mr. Freud
Is greatly annoyed,
They cling to their old-fashioned phalluses.

EPITAPH FOR A BAWD

ROOM, room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes delight in Roaring,
And daily Rambles up and down,
And at Night in the Street lies snoaring.
That for the noble name of Spark,
Dares his Companions rally;
Commits an Out-rage in the dark,
Then slinks into an Alley.
To ev'ry Female that he meets,
He swears he bears affection,
Defies all Laws, Arrests, and Feats,
By the help of a kind Protection.
Then he intending further wrongs:
By some resenting Cully,
Is decently run through the Lungs,
And there's an end of Bully.



FROM: POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS
BY: THE EARL OF ROCHESTER
ANTWERP, 1680

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